SAWDUST

Vol. III July 1943 No. 7

A one way ticket

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

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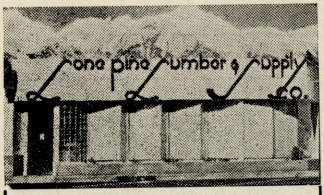
Lone Pine, Calif.



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

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JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

CHALFANT PRESS
PRINTERS

"MISTER HENDERSON"—FAILED . . .

The office telephone merrily jingled at 4:05 p.m., June 19th.

Jimmy-the-Red's high pitched voice spoke in anticipation, "Daddy, when are you going to take us swimming?"

"If everybody's ready we'll be there in five minutes."

As promised, we drew up in the lumber truck at the sandpile to the rear of the wash house. Most of the eleven boys and three of the four frolicking dogs, hilariously scrambled aboard.

Barefooted nine-year-old Warren Kelley continued to kneel in the sandpile with an arm affectionately around the neck of a dog. Looking up at our perch in the cab, with plaintive eyes, he asked: "Can I take Two-Spot, Mister Henderson?"

That was like Warren. Other boys addressed us familiarly.

Two-Spot was included with canines Boots, Dusty and Skippy.

Thus as two days before, eleven youngsters, four mongrels, and "Mister Henderson" rolled to Diaz Lake for another hilarious outing.

"Last one in's a nigger baby!"

* * *

Just as Warren Kelley slipped under, he saw "Mister Henderson" splashing through the waters towards him, perhaps only ten short seconds away. Was that a gleam of hope in his frantic eyes? Hope that "Mister Henderson's" hand would quickly reach down through the choking, murky waters and clasp his eager fingers?

"Mister Henderson" dived just short of the spot where Warren seemed to sink. The certainty that he would contact him was an impact of overwhelming disappointment. Surfacing, "Mister Henderson" eagerly looked around for a clue. There was only a cluster of cigars gently bobbing on the waters.

Telepathically, "Mister Henderson" heard pleadingly: "Hurry, hurry, oh please HURRY, Mister Henderson!"

Never did unspoken words ring louder in his ears!

* * *

Almost six hours later, Warren's little body was found. The last spark in his stout little heart had been extinguished.

Proving a failure to fellow man is severe. But a failure to a boy—a nine-year-old boy is a grave affliction that words fail to describe.

At noon, at midnight, there will perhaps always ring down with trip-hammer impact, that unfulfilled, still hopeful, telepathic, watery-choked plea of Warren Edward Kelley's:

"Hurry! Hurry! Oh please HURRY, Mister Henderson!"

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Condoler

I have not heretofore expressed my sincere sympathy in connection with the unfortunate occurrence of the drowning. I know that it must have been a terrific shock to you and the boys, but it is one of those things that can happen in life over which we have no control, that either make us stronger or unfortunately cause unnecessary worry and grievance. In your case the latter will not happen, and I am sure you will continue in your good work of endeavoring to always help the boys of the community to be better and stronger citizens.—I. G. B., Los Angeles, Cal.

Second the Motion

Speaking for the American soldier: John L. Lewis, damn your coal black soul.—Stars & Stripes, Cairo, Egypt edition.

Letterhead Shortage

I have a letter from the Aetna Insurance Company of your town, stating they are seriously in need of Shingles, Lath, Flooring and Boards. Well, it is too bad. I feel sorry for them, but we have to take care of our old customers first. However, we are 100% ethical; we don't sell insurance companies.—Twohy Lumber Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Museum Pieces

2″ Dimension is scarce as hen's teeth...Flooring is almost nonexistent...The mills have stopped making Lath—Cooper Lumber Co., Portland, Ore.

Roots of Dictatorship

Some day city people will learn that as far as milk is concerned, the OPA has been their No. 1 enemy...The present system of price fixing on food products has all the elements of a national scandal and the making of a ghastly tragedy...Subsidies are the tangled net in which a free people become so enmeshed that they become helpless pawns of a dominating centralized government...(Administration talk of inflation)... bogeyman to induce a nation to accept social reform, regimentation, limitation of opportunity and incentive.—Fred H. Sexauer, president, New York State Dairy League.

Starting This Issue

At the request of Mr. Anderson I send these five advertisements which he has prepared especially for your use on the back cover of SAWDUST.—R. F. Belden, Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Oh Promise Me

Believe me if I ever have the good fortune to again start shipping Rudie Henderson lumber, you can bet your bottom dollar that we will ship it and ship it right.—_____, Eugene, Ore.

Proclivity

Good will is the disposition of a customer to return to the place where he has been served well.—U. S. Supreme Court.

Yellowish

Remember Congressman William P. Lambertson of Kansas?...Lambertson's son is carrying on the family tradition. His father did not serve in the last war. The boy doesn't want to fight Japs. Apparently they're his favorite color.—The International Teamster, Indianapolis, Ind.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

Early last month we journeyed to Los Angeles to be cliniqued. More of that next month if you are interested in the morbid details of being posed on your hands and knees—sans pants, sans everything except an inbred modesty, with a Sawbones probing and peering into your entrails from both ends with the aid of a spotlight.

One of the major changes in Los Angeles seems to be that all are highly prosperous. Even the newshawks are smoking 15c cigars.

The prize Jimmy-the-Red witticism of the trip was at the conclusion of a cafe meal when he grinned: "Gee that feels good!"

"What's that, Red?"

"When it feels like there is hundreds of tiny bugs crawling on the bottom of your foot."

Such was his way of describing the prickly sensation of a foot asleep.

Saturday morning was spent swimming at Bimini Baths. It was exactly 22 years ago when elderly Will Hunt introduced Bimini to brother Tom and us.

Saturday afternoon we rollerskated at one of the large indoor rinks. It had been years since we had been on skates. Nevertheless, we did not use our anatomy to mop the floor, except once, and even then it wasn't the floor.

Beforehand, however, we endeavored to teach Red the rudiments and desirability of keeping one's skates rather than one's spine on the floor. At other intervals we darted in and out of skaters playing tag with Rudie II.

Steamed up with the violent exercise we mused that it would be sensible to swim after skating rather than beforehand.

Following an hour's coursing we tapered off by leisurely rolling around the outer edges commonly used by beginners. Mosying along at a moderate pace, hands folded behind the back, buried in the reverie of certain accounts and taxes payable of that lumber business back in Lone Pine, suddenly from behind, our feet were kicked out from under us.

Arching a beautiful Victory V when our skates swung to eye level, in that fractional second we envisaged a terrific one-point landing with the certain blackout to follow, identical, if not more so, to the time we were looped off that horse, —er, pony.

Our amazement and pleasure were unbounded when we struck the floor with the realization that someone had thoughtfully slipped a pillow under us. Well, not exactly a pillow, but it was just as cushioning. It was the abdomen of a lady, who—serves her right—was the one who kicked out our feet and then continued to slide forward in a prone, yes, very prone position.

We didn't pause to make an analysis, although the lady had not the strength, either vocal or physical, to request, demand, or otherwise notify us to remove our epidermis from off her navel. The one-point landing had been a perfect bulls-eye. As a matter of fact we didn't pause at all, for it distinctly appeared that the young lady was about to have a miscarriage without benefit of pregnancy.

—SD—

Life is a matter of knowing what to select and what to pass by. We haven't time for everything, so we should choose that which will count most for ourselves and others in the long run.

Wallpaper

Speed the day when Lone Pine may point with pride to the Warren Edward Kelley Memorial Plunge!...Future historical note: "One of the prime factors in the foundering of the great American Democracy was: Since July 1939, more than two years before Pearl Harbor, the federal government increased the number of its new employees almost 50 percent every six months. By early 1943, exclusive of those in the army and navy there was one federal employee for every 45 persons. When Thomas Jefferson was president there was one federal employee for every 5308 persons"...OPA's order MPR-372 comprising more than three feet of two-color printing, on only one make of used washing-machines, is a prime example of boondoggling in the midst of war. Where is a dealer with a used washer, anyway?...Tight clothes may be bad for circulation, but they sure keep a pretty girl circulating...The death of Rep. Harry L. Englebright failed to rate even a mention in TIME...Congratulations to the American Potash & Chemical Corp. for deserved recognition for production of war materials in being awarded the Army-Navy "E"...It is reported that the proof-reader on our local paper was having some trouble with the title of a recent Lone Pine Hall picture, "I Married a Witch"...Local merchants might well wince in observing that the nine months sales of the Manzanar Co-operative Enterprises totalled $618,745.91 ... Having difficulty keeping your bonds together? If so, we offer you a container for their safe keeping, on behalf of The Celotex Corporation...The writer once obtained moderate publicity, if nothing else, in a congressional campaign. He considers himself otherwise fairly well known, particularly to one Joe LeCyr. Nevertheless, Joe LeCyr has filed suit against him under the fictitious name of Red Ink, alleging "True name of defendant is unknown to plaintiff." Maybe LeCyr has something. Anything further the writer may do to legitimately shove LeCyr deeper into the red ink will not be overlooked ...Pardon us if we seem to be doing a little log-rolling but Lone Pine's own Willma C. Willis had a readable, two-page illustrated article in June WESTWAYS, entitled "Two Coeds Went A-Cycling"... Just think of the engineer who told his wife he had been railroading for twenty years and she was the only wreck he'd ever had...Chester C. Davis, Food Czar, must have been a better man than we grumbled about in April SAWDUST. President Roosevelt fired him... Childhood memory: The ding-dong of the ice cream wagon on a sweltering Indiana day with not a jitney in the jeans for a refreshing double-decker cone...A recent issue of TIME contained a couple of columns of interesting reading on Tom Treanor, L.A. Times correspondent who had visited Shangri-Putnam...Congratulations to Irving G. Bishop, after 17 years, now ensconced in his own law office, absolutely on his own...Distinguished visitors of the month were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Twohy of Los Angeles. We jolted goateed Art far up in the clouds to U. S. Vanadium and Panaminas and treated him to an unscheduled June snowstorm...The Lord gave people two ends—one for thinking, one for sitting. The war depends on which we choose; heads we win, tails we lose.

Editor-Leaves-Town

The storm was of such intensity that communication by highway, by air, and by wife was completely disrupted.

—Dallas, Texas, News.

That was a storm!

Judge Robert R. Bentley, one of our most eligible bachelors is retiring from politics. Hale, hearty and 55, the Judge says he wants a little peach and quiet.

—Corliss, Cal., Journal

Who doesn't?

By inserting special spraying nozzles at regular intervals, one good length of nose can be made to distribute a fine mist in all directions.

—Memphis Commercial-Appeal

Unsanitary, isn't it?

Two local drunks were wined by Judge Holzer, Saturday, to the tune of twenty dollars.

—Cloudcraft, Ida., Star

A fine example, Judge!

The ladies of the Helping Hand Society claim some sort of record. Out of fifty members, thirty-eight have been married to the same man for 25 years.

—Klamath, Ore., Messenger

Some man, too!

Dog lost, Saturday, at beach. Owner, Miss Ruth V. Davis, 426 Coral Street, had on short plaid jacket only. Reward.

—Santa Monica, Cal., News

Why, Miss Davis!

He told police that one of the men menaced him with a wench while the other covered him with a revolver.

—McConnelsville, Ohio, News

Menace us, too, will you?

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
July — 1928

James A. Walker announced candidacy for supervisor of 4th District...Mayor Cryer of Los Angeles visited Lone Pine...Miss Mary Skinner returned from San Francisco where she had been attending Munson's school for private secretaries...Ben Lyon and Phyllis Haver were included in a group of movie stars that were guests at the Clarence Badgers... Miss Dolores Carrasco and Louis Jobin were married...George A. Probasco awarded contract for construction of Lone Pine library, court room and jail building... Mt. Whitney Gun and Anglers Club netted $250.00 on 4th of July celebration ... Justice - of - peace Southey levied $300.00 fine on H. D. Wright and $200.00 each on C. W. Brown, Chas. Kunz and John Sullivan on liquor charges...Inyo Supervisors awarded county printing to Big Pine Citizen at 20c per square...Wayne Bland and H. B. Cochran obtained $1,640.00 in daylight hold-up of United Security Bank & Trust Company. Seven days later they were enroute to San Quentin for terms of from 5 to 50 years...Three bunkhouses situated about 40 feet apart were destroyed by fire at Kuhnert's... Group of citizens petitioned County Supervisors to include $25.000 in budget for road from Carroll Creek to Cottonwood Basin...California Transit Company granted franchise to operate motor stages between Mojave and Lone Pine... J. H. Nicolaides burned about hands and legs when automobile gas tank exploded...Keeler's hottest day thus far in 1928 was 116 degrees...Lone Pine boasted of being the only town in the county to own an airplane.

AN AMERICAN NEGRO, SPEAKS

In our adolescence we published, edited, and laboriously printed on a foot-powered 800-pound, out-of-alignment press, anchored to our bedroom floor that made the house shimmy every time it turned over, a monthly juvenile named HOOSIER BOY.

In its five years existence HOOSIER BOY attained a 2,000 circulation, much of which went to white-supremacy conscious lads of the South.

Editorial bright spot was regular juvenile features by adolescent Negro Walter J. Petry. Circulation conscious as we were, we induced Walter J. Petry to rig his initials and continue his highly readable articles under the alias of Jerry P. Williams. Thus, 25 years ago we stooped, we blush to state, to dupe the race-conscious readers of HOOSIER BOY.

At the threshold of manhood, Walter J. Petry went to New York, and we to California. Correspondence continued down through the years.

SAWDUST offers the following excerpts from his most recent letter. Opinions of a literate Negro, who despite discriminate America, thinks foremost of only America.

* * *

Maybe my viewpoint is elemental, and without much sense. I do not flatter myself by believing that I have an all wise mind or intelligence in knowing all the answers. In spite of all the admonitions (of conscience as well as authority) to exercise more care in our daily lives by conserving all of the essentials of life, sacrificing a bit here and there for the good of the whole, it seems that there is still too much selfishness on the part of a great many individuals, and bungling bureaucratics on the part of those in authority.

We are still striking, quarrelling, spending freely and unwisely, exercising narrow regional viewpoints, supporting black markets, and doing many other things that bring high glee to the propaganda of the Axis powers, and we don't seem to realize that we are playing our ills right into their hands.

We seem to be about winning the war in a very hard way.

Can it be thus because of lack of confidence in our constituted authorities? Or will it be necessary to wait until our great Pacific and Atlantic ports are raked by bombs to awaken us to a real fighting pitch of which we are certainly capable?

With all the limitations we labor under, we are still living in high standards, and we still feel that is as it should be. Certainly we should do everything to maintain our standards, but we certainly should not forget that these are unusual times.

I am sincerely afraid that we are laboring under the illusion that once we get started this war will be a pushover. Our fighting men are certainly second to none in courage, ability, and bravery. But do we very often take a long, good look at a battle line the like of which has never been known in this world before?

Are we seriously contemplating the fact that, under apparent present objectives, the blood of two or three million men may yet be spilled atop that of those gallant men who have led, and are still leading the way?

There seems to be no way out now except to fight it out, but we certainly ought to knuckle down

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE MONTH

"Vote for that guy? Not on your life! The war's made me think how important it is to use your head when you vote. Once, they could vote in Germany—but they got careless. Now they just say 'Ja'—or else. Knowing who you're voting for is the best way to keep little would-be Hitlers from getting in the driver's seat over here!"

* * *

Our right to vote secretly and without fear of reprisal is one of our most precious rights as free Americans. It gives us the power to protect at home the very freedoms for which we are waging a fierce and terrible war abroad.

Those freedoms, which have given Americans more of the good things in life than any other people have ever enjoyed, now are giving us more of what it takes to win the war than all the slave nations of the world can produce.

Free American business, free labor and free agriculture—have built within two years a far greater war machine than Hitler's dictatorship built in ten years. Millions of free American men and women, nearly 70,000 of them in Republic plants, are performing miracles of production **because they are working and fighting for something supremely worth-while.**

And the same freedoms that are winning the war, **can** win the peace. Free American business, labor and agriculture **can** expand farther and faster than any of us have ever dared dream. They **can** provide the opportunity for jobs and homes and happiness to all who are willing to work. They **can** build the solid foundations of economic liberty upon which all our freedoms rest.

They can—IF the vision and initiative and daring courage that have built for us the richest and happiest nation on earth are maintained as the cornerstone of our free way of life.

It is the sacred trust of **all** of us to keep alive the fires of freedom and opportunity—to keep faith with those who are fighting to keep America free.

—Republic Steel Corp.

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to it and really fight it right from the heart.

Those of us who have had direct losses perhaps appreciate the necessity of putting everything into the fight to maintain the ideals for which their very own died.

God grant that something might solemnly transmit this feeling into the minds of others of us.

—SD—

INDEPENDENCE CHIVALRY...

Names are withheld, but we vouch for the authenticity of this recent event in Independence:

He (meeting She in front of the drug store): "Want a ride home?"

She: "Sure, only I have to go to the postoffice first."

He: "Oh, that's alright. Take your time. I'm going in here and have a double-thick banana-split."

—SD—

Jean had been naughty and had been sent to "think things over." Soon she came back all smiles and said, "I thought and I prayed."

"That will help you to be good," said mother.

"Oh, I didn't ask God to make me good," said the child. "I just told Him to help you put up with me."

Behind the Bandsaw—

Three hard of hearing Englishmen were riding in an old noisy car. As they approached town, one of them shouted: "Is this Wembley?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," said the third, "let's stop and have one."

—SD—

She: "Thanks for the hug."

He: "Not at all. The pressure's all mine."

—SD—

As Rastus and the doctor were on the way to deliver Mandy's twelfth offspring, a duck waddled across the road. Rastus remarked, "I don't recall seein' dat duck befo'. I wonder whose it is?"

"That's no duck," said the doctor. "That's the stork with his legs wore off."

—SD—

The family of the dying merchant gathered about his bed.

"We're all here, Papa," said one son.

"Oi, oi," said Papa, "who's tending store?"

—SD—

Lady Motorist: "But officer, I didn't see that fire plug. When I parked here it was hidden behind an airedale."

—SD—

Pigeon One: "I don't like the looks of that guy down there."

Pigeon Two: "I just spotted him myself."

—SD—

"Now, what gives you the idea that I'm a rustler?"

"Because you weren't around ten minutes before you'd pinched one of my calves."

Mother made Willie, age 4, take off his torn trousers so she could mend them. The repairs complete, she hunted high and low, but Willie had disappeared completely. Hearing a noise in the basement, she called down:

"Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

The reply was short and gruff: "No, ma'am, I'm reading the gas meter."

—SD—

After months on the trail, two prospectors met at a lonely country store. Their supplies ordered, they sit on the front steps for a peaceful smoke. As they gaze into the distance, an animal appears on the horizon.

Bill: "Cow."

Joe: "Bull."

Bill: "I'm hitting the trail. Too darned much arguing around here."

—SD—

The trainer put his two performing dogs through their routine while the v a u d e v i l l e agent watched, utterly bored, until at the finish the little dog piped up, "Well, pal, how about booking us?"

"My God!" exclaimed the agent, electrified. "You don't mean the little dog's talking?"

"No," said the trainer wearily, "the big dog's a ventriloquist."

—SD—

Teacher: "Johnny, give us a sentence using the word 'torture'."

Johnny: "A heavy knock hit the door and he leaped from her embrace, exclaiming, 'I torture husband was in Texas'."

—SD—

The preacher finished his sermon with "All liquor should be thrown in the river."

—And the choir ended by singing, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

It's time to clamp down on loose talk!

This Actual Case shows how Rumors delay Vital Work

The Rumor was: In one war plant (insured in the Hartford) many workers were being killed—the number of injuries was frightful.

The facts were: Not one worker had been killed. There were some injuries—but not more than usual in this type of work. But baseless rumors—spreading like wildfire—were making it hard to hire needed men, were lowering morale and were slowing up vital production.

Carelessness in spreading rumors is as dangerous as carelessness on the job, at home or driving cars. Every accident or fire means loss of time, material, manpower that we can't afford to lose.

Be careful—always. Make others be careful. You'll be helping to win the war.

Get expert advice: We can help you to prevent accidents and fires. We can also build a sound insurance program to protect you or your business against serious financial loss.

Keep 'em Flying!

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Someone please give us the answer.

We have somewhat forgotten our Greek mythology. It is our recollection that there was a chap named Epimetheus. But whether there was a Prometheus we have forgotten—at any rate there should have been. Possibly some of our friends and neighbors with better memories will refresh ours.

However, we **do** know the chap pictured above. This fellow is Epimetheus and this pose shows him after everything he owned went up in smoke and we reminded him that we had done our durndest to have him insure adequately.

Incidentally, in return for the requested information we will be glad to tell you whether you are adequately insured or an embryo Epimetheus, if you will permit us to check over your insurance policies.

INSURANCE

"For Everything Insurable"

Rudie Henderson ✦ Edward Wm. Hjeltness